storms, wrote novelettes at high speed for a low price, objected to being married legally and finally permitted herself to be so married because the man she loved, a scrupulous and exacting foreigner, would not have her otherwise. From the same hand in a story called "The Halo" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) we now have a heroine companion for Pam. It may be learned here that Brigit, daughter of Lady Kingsmead, having achieved the age of 25 years and having decided that life with her mother was irksome, decided to get married. Inasmuch as Brigit was the handsomest woman in England there could be, obviously, no difficulty about this. Gerald Carron, a large, bony man of 50, who had long loved her mother, wanted the girl desperately, but she would not have him. Turning somewhat carelessly elsewhere, she engaged herself to Lord Pontefract. "He owned mines in Cornwall; a highly successful motor factory, a big London newspaper, a house in Grosvenor Square and Pomfret Abbey. Also he owned an ever thirsting palate, a fat red neck, red rimmed eyes and a bald head."

Friends and admirers of Pam may or may not think that Pontefract was a good catch. The question is not of the highest importance. As soon as she was engaged Brigit went out in the garden, where she met Théo Joyselle, aged 22. Théo said, "Je t'aime," and in a jiffy these two were engaged. Brigit reflected that she would be happier with Théo "than with poor old fat Ponty," and putting her hands in Théo's she said, "Very well—I will. I will marry you." A day or two later she met Théo's father, Victor Joyselle, in a railway train. This parent, a large, impressive man of 42, was the greatest violin player of the age. Persons who have given any attention at all to the effect of violin players in a sensitive world will understand that Brigit was bound to fall in love with Théo's father. She threw back her veil and introduced herself. He was stormed by her beauty. "You splendeur de femme!" he cried. "You are so beautiful that I cannot look away from you." He permitted his heart to be entirely ravished on receiving her assurance that she did not sing coon songs.

It speaks for the temperance, for the delicate restraint of the historian, that she does not permit Brigit and Victor to confess their love for each other immediately. That comes first later, as our friends the Germans say. There are some 300 characteristic pages before the pair decide to run away together and to leave Théo and Théo's mother, the domestic and estimable Mrs. Joyselle, to their devices and their thoughts. Yet the elopement does not take place. The sudden and wholly unexpected death of Mrs. Joyselle in the last chapter seems to render it at least partially unnecessary. Théo remains, and the loving pair may have to run away from him, though that does not seem likely, he being a most filial child, concerned primarily and always for the happiness of his father. The story ends abruptly. It cannot be known from it what will become of Brigit. Possibly she will dispose of herself in another book, following Pam's example.

An Excellent Mystery Story.

Octave Thanet's story of "The Lion's Share (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis) is a thoroughly readable book. It will be found satisfying by the reader who likes a tale of plot and incident sharply and well told. It has good characters and good dialogue. It is entertaining by reason of its abundant puzzle—by the skilful building of this and by the equally skilful dissection and elucidation of it. We have read it with entire and unusual interest and gratification. It is all right. A fine detective story.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

The reader will be sorry for Prof. Ferris, an educator still young and devoted to athletic exercises, who was grievously crippled by being thrown from his automobile. His case is set forth in Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's strong and excellent story "Walled In" (Harper & Brothers). The tale in the opening is somewhat monotonously sad. It takes on an acuter interest when we come to the account of the professor's troubles as an invalid, beginning with the fourth chapter. The theme, of course, is still not cheerful, but it is well handled. The domestic circumstances of the professor enter into the consideration. His wife, a young and pretty woman, let it be known that it depressed her to have sickness about. She allowed herself to be depressed as little as possible. She flirted. She went skating and canoeing with the students. The story does not explicitly say so, but there can be no doubt that she kissed young Sheffield, a student, in the hall. Her husband heard her. He was shockingly neglected. His nerves were racked by household noises. He could not sleep. Then Honoria came. Honoria was a trained nurse. Not many trained nurses are like her. She knew just what was needed; she did just what was needed. She checked the noises. She gave peace to the invalid. The two came to love each other. They never would have declared it. But Mrs. Ferris went out with young Sheffield in a canoe. The canoe capsized and Mrs. Ferris was drowned. Honoria went away. She was away a long time. But she came back again.

The story, we repeat, is admirably told. We liked Honoria; any reader will like her. An admirable and lovely character. Mr. Hildreth, president of the college, we did not like. We thought him stilted, tedious and unnecessary. We abominated Ferris's little boy; his talk was silly and he went about with a drum; he might well have been left out. But all the others interested us. A gratifying, earnest, efficient piece of work.

The Explosive Story of Beth Norvell.

Randall Parish's stories move in cyclonic fashion, gathering up all sorts of incongruous things in their whirling velocity and depositing them in a curious conglomeration at unexpected places. All the old conventions of the story writer bump heads together in the general confusion until everybody sees stars and dizzy rainbows. His new tale of "Beth Norvell" may be described in a word as explosive. The general effect is something like that produced when all the fireworks accidentally go off together at a country celebration, with rockets shooting, pinwheels whizzing and colored lights blazing all at once. When the din dies down and the smoke clears away and you realize what it was all about you recognize old and familiar friends in both characters and scenes.

Beth Norvell is the beautiful actress with lofty ideals and fireproof morals. She is dashing about the country playing one night stands in the wild and wicked West, where most anything can be made to happen that will adorn a tale. Winston, the hero, is a young mining engineer with a millionaire father in Denver. Beth forgets to bolt her door at the hotel where the troupe are staying. A careless hotel clerk assigns the room to Winston. He takes one look at the beautiful sleeping girl and steals away without waking her. He joins the company as a general utility man, lifting the heavy ends of trunks and ordering hothouse flowers sent out from Denver for the star.

They wander into the typical mining town where "brutal lust" and riotous deviltry prevail. The proprietor of the gambling hell and dance hall is the old pale faced chap we expected to meet. We didn't know he was Beth's husband, but he is, and although he has committed all the crimes on record Beth still clings to her marriage vow in a country where divorce is as easy to obtain as poor whiskey or deadly bullets. Then they all bike out to a mine on the mountains and have a glorious fight over a claim, in which everybody speaks a different dialect, and speaks it well, including the man who stutters. In the melée the pale faced gambler is shot as he deserved. Beth thinks Winston shot him. Winston thinks Beth shot him. It was a good job anyway, and they should have started off together for the nearest parson. But instead of that they use the incident as the great Situation. They part "Forever." Forever lasts just three years, during which Beth makes a worldwide name on the stage and has a great ovation in Chicago. Winston nearly spoils the performance by appearing in one of the boxes—and without his evening clothes, too, at a time like that. It is all made up by a letter telling the perfectly obvious thing—that another man shot the pale faced gambler.

A highly moral tale, with enough thrills for half a dozen Bowery plays and not a real natural thing in it to spoil the performance. The book is published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

Father Felix's Chronicle.

Felicitous and graceful in phrasing is "Father Felix's Chronicle," which adds to the charm of an artistic bit of word painting the sympathetic interest that always attaches to a posthumous book. Nora Chesson, the author, who was also known as Nora Hopper, is dead, and the curious old chronicle of the fifteenth century which she prepared with so much care and knowledge of the time it represents has been published by her husband. It is not a story, but rather a series of pictures painted with minute and delicate skill, ornamented with quaint device and arabesque and scroll.

Father Felix is represented as a poor brother of the order of Saint Benedict domiciled in the priory house of Norwich, "travailling at his 'Historia'" or some other goodly manuscript which he adorned with comely heads of pictured saints and angels, flowers from the beautiful gardens set in margins of rich and pure colors—gold and scarlet and deep purple. The tale is episodic and disjointed, but the theme of it all is love and its lesson, the ministry of pain bravely suffered. Many pilgrims of high and low degree came to the cathedral of the chapter, diverse sinister plots were planned and discovered in the closing days of Henry the Fourth's reign, many dramatic and horrible tragedies were played out to the sorrowful finale and faithfully writ down within the decorated margins of the old monk's chronicle.

A book which must be read to be appreciated and cannot be adequately set forth in a review. "Father Felix's Chronicle" is published by A. Wessels Company.

Another Dash at the Great American Novel.

Mr. Herbert Quick has evidently been trying to write the great American novel. He has filled some five hundred and forty pages with it. He has put all kinds of things into it—religion and politics, single tax and labor union, love and divorce. The scenes are laid in all kinds of places, from the gorgeous palaces of the opulent to the hog killing pens of the Chicago jungle. His hero is the most overworked person we have chanced to encounter even in fiction. He means well, but he talks too much and gets into trouble with every one.

Beginning life as a teacher in the Far West this young enthusiast becomes a successful preacher in a fashionable church, marries the daughter of a wealthy Judge and seems to be on the high road to success. Then he decides that religion is all wrong and he preaches sermons and series of sermons on the iniquity of riches to his wealthy congregation. He exploits all manner of disturbing theories in the pulpit and on the platform. He resigns from the church and his wife resigns from him. He becomes an agitator among the working people and finally a "hog sticker" in the stock yards. If he would reform the people he must work with them on the same principle, we suppose, that if the doctor would treat scarlet fever he must have it himself. Even the people do not appreciate him and he is wounded in a riot in the packing house.

A beautiful girl he taught in the little Western school and who has become a famous opera singer rescues him. She takes him away to her country place, nurses him back to health, reads Tennyson's "King Arthur" with him and marries him in spite of the fact that he has a wife. She carries him away to Europe when it would seem as if he might keep off the "third rail" and get a fresh start. But they come back to New York just in time for him to mix himself up in a teamsters' strike and to die a martyr's death. The opera singer sings a beautiful song to him as he dies.

It is a great relief when the hero passes away. If he had lived longer there would have been more trouble and more chapters in the book. Now the name of this tale is "The Broken Lance." The author must have spent a great deal of time writing it. The reader must spend a great deal of time reading it. The only way to really appreciate it would be to take it as the only book on a voyage round the world. The book is published by Bobbs, Merrill & Co.

The Lure of the Dim Trails.

"The truth is, them that know ain't in the writing business and them that write don't know," said Park of the West. "The way I've figured it they set back East somewhere and write it like they think maybe it is, and it's a hell of a job they make of it."

Now the distinctive thing about the work of B. M. Bowers is that he does know how it is or makes you think he does, which is just as good. And he can write with picturesqueness and spirit tales of the cowboy's life in the West as it is now, not as it was mounted for the stage a quarter of a century ago. It is not for the story of the girl with "the blue gray eyes and crimpy brown hair" and the tenderfoot who went out with the boys to learn to write of Western life that one reads to the finish Mr. Bowers's new book, "The Lure of Dim Trails." We know that those two will take care of themselves and make it up in the last chapter without our interference. It is for the dash and swing of the narrative, descriptions of the long drives, the roundup, the guarding of the cattle in the night, the fascination of the out of door life that we read—for what the writer calls "local color in the raw." The book is published by G. W. Dillingham.

An Emerald That Made Trouble.

"The Medusa Emerald," by George Gibbs (D. Appleton and Company) is founded on the good old story of the duplicate coins. There are two Medusa emeralds. One belongs to a broker who is superstitious about it. The other is the property of the ambitious young reformer who wants to marry the broker's ward. They are all enjoying themselves together on the broker's yacht when the broker displays his gem. The electric lights suddenly go out, the jewel vanishes in the dark. The broker orders every one to turn his pockets wrongside out. The young man who carries the other emerald naturally refuses and the trouble begins. The hunt for the jewel sends every one off to a remote island where a toy revolution is being played out in the usual manner.

Clancy, the gallant Irishman whose profession is shovelling dirt on the railway, says: "I tell ye it kapes ye crosseyed in this counthry thryin' to remimber phwat ye are." It also keeps you crosseyed in this tangled up tale to tell where you are and what it is all about. If you ever find out you will see it wasn't worth the bother. For that reason be it known to all men that the broker found his emerald, the ambitious young man won his lady and everybody was happy in the end. It is a farce comedy of "The Land of Make Believe."

Some Stories of Merit.

The way in which a man and a woman come to understand each other is effectively and skilfully shown by Mr. Warren Cheney in "His Wife" (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis). The reader should not be repelled by the setting in a Russian fur post, a stage decoration that has been employed overmuch of late, for in the story there is nothing of the wilds and little that is Russian except the names and a few words now and then. These serve to cover some improbabilities and slips in psychology. The main story is of heartaches and struggles that would have been the same in any place or time. The hero and heroine are interesting, but there is perhaps more life in a flirtatious young minx and her shy lover, and in the amiable stage father and his good wife. The author takes his time in telling his story, and at the same time takes pains with his English, rather unusual qualities in the fiction of the day.

There is plenty of seashore feeling and an artistic and uncommon turn to the plot in "Admiral's Light," by M. Henry Milner Rideout (Houghton, Mifflin nd Company). The heroine is charming, and though she is as old nearly as the art of story writing we have not met her yet in New England or New Brunswick garb, which is the same thing. Ther is a pleasing rascal who is vulgarized needlessly, and there are excellent sketches of various natives. The hero, about whom the whole story turns, is pretty vague and the reader's imagination must put life into him. The author prefers impressions to explanations; this is at the cost of clearness and causes regrets that he does not make more of the people he creates. His story is very pleasant, all the same. The illustrations were spoiled in the taking or in the reproduction.

With a little good will the reader will accept and will be amused by Mr. Louis Tracy's "Minkie" (Edward J. Clode, New York). An extremely sharp small girl is the heroine and the central point of the story; she, with the aid of her menagerie of pet animals and an amazingly biting tongue, succeeds in undoing the schemes of an unscrupulous Jew financier and restoring true love to its proper channel. A stolen fetich and some picturesque blacks are also involved. The light tone of fooling is kept up skilfully to the end, thereby covering all absurdities. The story is thoroughly entertaining and might have been spared the pale green border decorations.

Much more than a literary memorial is offered in "Stories and Sketches," by Mary Putnam Jacobi (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Here are four stories and four essays or impressions of French affairs, written by a woman who attained distinction in a far more arduous profession in an English that has almost disappeared from the pages of our periodicals. With the novels of seventeen-year-old girls we are now unhappily familiar; it would be instructive to compare these with the style of the first story in the book. The influence of Hawthorne will be felt in the choice of subjects, or it may be the natural turn of mind that directed Dr. Putnam Jacobi to medicine; the physician's eye seems to be on the patient in each case. The articles were written, however, at a time when contributions to the *Atlantic* and the old *Putnam's* had to stand monthly comparison with the classics of American literature.

As cowboy stories go Mr. Stewart Edward White's "Arizona Nights" (The McClure Company) is much above the average. There is too much stress put, perhaps, on brutality and roughness, which pass for "strength," but that is inherent to stories of this sort and is fancied by young writers. The regret in Mr. White's case is that he should turn from the work in which he has shown originality and power to imitation of models which are going out of fashion. Here he had the chance to describe the desert as he did the Michigan woods; instead he has preferred to tell of the cowboy chivalry dear to small boys and displayed in Wild West shows and rough riders.

The common theme of the half-dozen stories that make up Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's "Under the Crust" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is the strong feeling that is concealed under American reserve. They are all interesting and are varied in treatment. A short play is appended in which the author sacrifices art to melodramatic violence in a curiously ingenuous manner.

An unexpectedly solid portion of literary Tolstoi is provided in the little volume of "Twenty-three Tales," translated by Louise and Aylmer Maulde (Funk and Wagnalls Company). The type is small but clear and readable, nevertheless it is astonishing that so much should be contained in so narrow a compass. It is impossible to eliminate Tolstoi's philosophic and socialistic views from his writings, but in the stories that have been selected he had in mind that he had first of all a story to tell. There are adequate examples of all styles, ranging from the stories for children of 1872 to those written after the Jewish massacres in 1903. They give ample opportunity to judge Tolstoi from the point of view of art.

Biographical

It may be conceded readily that no such biography as Mr. Francis Gribble's "George

Continued on Eighth Page.